

# The Mirror

OF

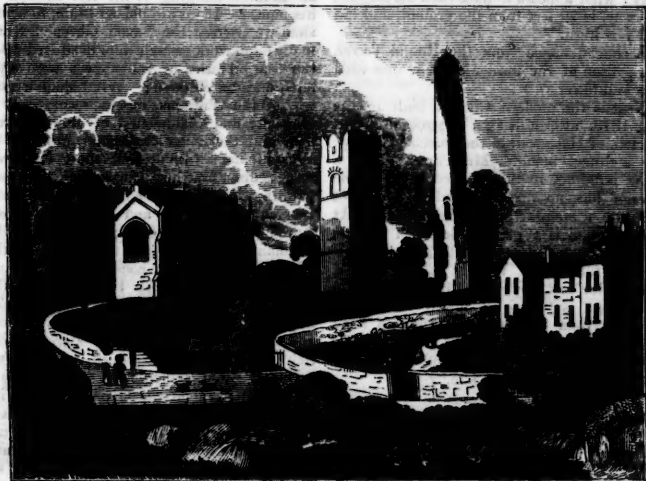
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

## SWORDS, NEAR DUBLIN.



ROUND TOWER AND CHURCH.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

SWORDS, a small town, distant northward from Dublin about seven miles, consists chiefly of one street. It was formerly a place of much greater importance than at present: it still derives a considerable degree of interest from the vestiges of its past splendour, although these receive little aid, or illustration, from the page of history. We learn, however, from the *Monasticon*, that a sumptuous monastery was founded here in the year 512, by the celebrated Irish saint, Colum, who gave it "a missal written by himself, blessed the well here, and placed St. Finan Lobhair, or the Leper, over the abbey." The records chiefly relate the disasters of this foundation and the contiguous town. In the year 1012, Swords was reduced to ashes by the Danes. It was rebuilt, but burnt again, and plundered, together with the Abbey, in 1035 or 1037, by Connor O'Melaghlin, Prince of Meath. Its last destructive visitation took place A. D. 1166.

Little more is recorded of Swords until the seventeenth century. Here it was that the first Irish army of the Pale assembled, on November 9, 1641, preparatory to the

commencement of a long series of fatal hostilities. On January 10, following, Sir Charles Coote attacked, and drove this body of troops from its intrenchments, with very inconsiderable loss of men on his side, the only officer killed being Sir Lorenzo Carey, second son of Lord Falkland.

Among the antiquities of Swords, are the ruins of a castellated palace of the Archbishop of Dublin; and a few traces of a nunnery founded at an unknown date. The only ecclesiastical remains, strictly speaking, are a fine and lofty round tower, coeval with the foundation of the original monastery, and the abbey belfry, a square building of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. These antiquities, with a modern church, form the remarkable group of architectural objects represented in the above Engraving, from a sketch made by a tourist of last summer.

First, in interest, is the Round Tower, which is in fine preservation, having been repaired but a few years since. Its height is stated at 73 feet: at the top is a semicircular caping, surmounted by a small cross, which pious emblem is said to have been erected at

a date long subsequent to other parts of the structure. Near the summit are four round-headed apertures, placed at the cardinal points. There are also four other openings to the five floors. "Its present entrance, which is level with the ground, is of modern construction, as well as the roof and upper story: what appears to have been the original doorway, is 20 feet from the ground, and but four feet high."<sup>\*</sup>

A short distance from the Round Tower, is a portion of the former church, now used as a bell-tower.

Next is the modern Church, built in the year 1819, after a design, suggested by Mr. French, of Heywood, in the Queen's County; the architect being a Mr. Farrel. It is a stone building, in the pointed style. The interior has no division, and is neat, but destitute of architectural embellishment. At the west end is a gallery, designed for the reception of an organ; and the east window is filled with modern painted glass. The edifice has, however, little architectural merit; but is "such as might have been expected from minds so wanting in taste and feeling as those which permitted the removal of the beautiful ruins of the ancient abbey to erect it on their site."<sup>†</sup>

#### LEARNING OF THE MONKS.

It has been too much the practice, (arising from the leaven which three hundred years have not been able to disperse,) to disavow any feelings of obligation or gratitude to the inhabitants of the cloister. They have been stigmatized indeed as "slothful, lost to the commonwealth, intemperate, stupid, and without the *least* tincture of useful learning."<sup>‡</sup> That individual instances of moral degradation may have frequently occurred among them, no man in his senses can possibly deny; yet we must remember that the impartial view of the monkish character has been obscured by the myrmidons of the cruel and remorseless tyrant who dissolved their establishments in this country; and that the worse, because more hypocritical, era of puritanical cant, had too powerful an influence over the minds of its deluded votaries to permit them to allow one jot of praise to the unfortunate monk. For my own part, I have never paced the ruined aisles of an abbey, or walked amid the columns of a yet existing conventual building, without feeling deeply impressed with a sense of lively gratitude for the means adopted for the preservation of learning and the fine arts during what are usually denominated "the darker ages."

\* From the Dublin Penny Journal; the distinguishing merit of which is the illustration of the antiquities of Ireland, in a pleasing and popular manner.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Gilpin's Observations on the Western Parts of England, pp. 138-9.

What do we not owe Ingulphus and the Venerable Bede? Shall Robert of Gloucester and Peter de Langtoft be held unworthy of our respect? or even Capgrave, that sworn propagator of monastic fiction, deemed wholly incredible? Are we to imagine the Norman knight dashing to the tourney with an inkhorn hanging in the rest as well as his lance? If we are not so to do, to whom shall we ascribe the Saxon Chronicles and many other works which were destroyed when the fine libraries of the abbeys were scattered and annihilated? What shall we say too, of the Williams, monks respectively of Newbury and Malmesbury, of Roger Hoveden, and the Benedictine friar, Matthew of Westminster? Shall that most extraordinary genius, Matthew Paris, who professed painting, poetry, mathematics, architecture, eloquence, theology, and history, and acquired reputation in each; or Willikind, the German friar, who wrote the history of the Western Emperors, be condemned as having uselessly employed their time? No, to the labours of the cloister we owe much; perhaps, every thing connected with literature and the fine arts. Mark the storied pane, rich in colour, and blazing in its glory: we derive it from Benedict, a monk. Gaze with admiration on the Cathedrals of Winchester, York, and Salisbury; and however you may differ in religious creed, pay a just tribute to the memory of such master-minds as those of William of Wykham, John de Thoresby, and Robert Poore. Let us then be just: however reprehensible the monastic system may be, to it we are indebted as the nurse and preserver of learning and science. I know no better way of proving this fact, than by requesting thee, friendly reader, to take from thy book-shelf Hume or Rapin; the greater, indeed the entire, portion of whose early histories are derived from, and solely rest on, the *useless* learning of the calumniated monk.

C. S.

#### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(To the Editor.)

In the Cathedrals which abound on the Continent, mutilated by many revolutions, and with Chapters reduced to merely nominal dignities, the eye of the visitor is never presented with such a spectacle of desolation as that offered to him at present in our St. Paul's Cathedral. On entering, it would require but little stretch of the imagination to suppose oneself in some immense structure of ancient Italy, but lately rescued from darkness, and exposed to the light of day. The walls and pillars abounding with classical decoration, are so defaced with damp, the paintings in the dome so discoloured and damaged by want of ventilation, and the statues of our heroes and statesmen so hide-

ously begrimed with dust, that they appear as though they had remained during the lapse of centuries untouched by the hand of man.

It creates considerable regret to observe such an apathy in those who control the management of so important a building as our metropolitan church. The Chapters of Cathedrals throughout the kingdom have, for some years past, directed much of their attention towards the embellishment of the Churches over which they preside: then, why should the most magnificent temple in the empire be left to decay? And, but a trifling expenditure might obviate this destruction. The use of incense in Catholic Cathedrals contributes much to the exclusion of that fatal enemy to works of art—damp; and, though we do not employ this perfume in our ceremonials, surely some economical means might be provided for airing the building.\*

Foreigners visiting this Church bring away accounts most afflicting to the ear of an Englishman:—while they enthusiastically admire the building, they censure the persons who suffer it to remain in so neglected a condition.

GEORGE.

\* About five years since, measures were said to be in progress for restoring the paintings on the interior of the dome.—See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 300.

### Manners and Customs.

#### CHRISTMAS.

THE following account of a custom on Christmas eve, at Ratzenburg, in Germany, is given by Mr. Coleridge: "For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket money to buy presents to present to their parents and to each other, on Christmas eve. What the present is to be, is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them—getting up in the morning before daylight, &c. Then, on the evening before Christmas day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go; a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed on the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed, and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children,

and the eldest daughter and mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, he seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within it. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap—O it was a delight to them! On Christmas day, the parents lay out on the table in the great parlour, the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which they have observed most praiseworthy, and that which has been the most faulty, in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flaxen wig, personates 'Knecht Rupert,' that is, the servant Rupert. On Christmas night, he goes round to every house, and says, that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of Heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it."

Christmas carols are still sung in Ireland. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to greater extent, perhaps, than in England. At a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight, on Christmas eve, service is performed in the churches by the ringing of carols to the harp. While the Christmas holidays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses, and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter.

The following account of a Highland Christmas, is given by Mr. Grant, in his *Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*:—"As soon as the brightening glow of the

\* See also *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 154.

western sky warns the anxious housemaid of the approach of Christmas day, she rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal, which was steeped in the *sowans-bowie* a fortnight ago, to make the *prechdachdan sour*, or *sour scones*, is the first object of her attention. The gridiron is put on the fire, and the *sour scones* are soon followed by hard cakes, soft cakes, buttered cakes, branched bannocks, and pannich perm. The baking being once over, the *sowans* pot succeeds the gridiron, full of new *sowans*, which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The *sowans* are boiled into the consistence of molasses, when the *lagan-le-urich*, or yeast-bread, to distinguish it from boiled *sowans*, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young. It would suit well the pen of a Burns, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to paint the scene which follows. The ambrosial food is despatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the *lagan-le-urich*. As soon as each despatches his bicker, he jumps out of bed—the elder branches to examine the ominous signs of the day, and the younger to enter on its amusements. Flocking to the swing, a favourite amusement on this occasion, the youngest of the family get the first *shouder*, and the next oldest to him in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the swing, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swung person approaches the swinger, he exclaims, '*Ei mi tu chal*,' 'I'll eat your kail.' To this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, '*Cha ni u mu chal*,' 'You shan't eat my kail.' These threats and repulses are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel. As the day advances, those minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksman to the *Kiavamuchd*, or prize-shooting, and the latter to *Luchd-vouil*, or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table. Groaning under the *sousy-haggis*, and many other savoury dainties, unseen for twelve months before, the relish communicated to the company, by the appearance of the festive board, is more easily conceived than described. The dinner once despatched, the flowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become the more jovial and happy.

Animated by its cheering influence, even old decrepitude no longer feels his habitual pains—the fire of youth is in his eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the days of *auld lang syne*; while the young, with hearts inflamed with love and glory, long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility. Leaving the patriachs to finish those professions of friendship for each, in which they are so devotedly engaged, the younger part of the company will shape their course to the ball-room, or the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest; and the remainder of the evening is spent with the greatest pleasure of which human nature is susceptible."

W. G. C.

#### SLAVERY IN SURINAM.

A LADY of rank had occasion one day to be rowed by her unfortunate slaves to a place somewhat distant from her home. In the fore part of the boat sat a female slave, with her infant in her arms, which, through indisposition or crossness, she was unable to appease. The lady, though at the greatest possible distance from the infant, affected to be so annoyed with its cries, that she directed the mother to bring the child to her, adding that she would try to quiet it. The unsuspecting mother, accordingly, gave her the child, and retired to the fore part of the boat. The lady no sooner took possession of the babe than she dipped its head and body in the water, holding it by one leg, while the men rowed her along without daring to expostulate. In this state she held her murderous hand overboard, until she found that the child was dead, when, with much indifference, she let the body go on the stream. The frantic mother, who had witnessed this act of deliberate murder, without daring to complain, could restrain her feelings no longer: she gave a horrid shriek, and plunged into the water to die with her babe. From the accomplishment of this purpose, however, she was deterred by the boatmen, who, directed by the lady, exerted themselves and saved her life. For this attempt, on coming ashore, the poor mother was sentenced to receive two hundred lashes, and actually underwent the punishment. Of the lady's conduct no notice was taken. None but the negroes were witnesses of the transaction, and, by law, they were disqualified to give evidence.

D. P.

#### Anecdote Gallery.

##### MILITARY ANECDOTES.

THE camp of the Duke of Marlborough resembled a quiet and well-governed city: swearing was seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was an object of scorn;

and his troops, many of whom were the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible, and cleanly. A sincere observer of religious duties himself, the Duke enforced their observance throughout his camp; divine service was regularly performed; prayers were offered up before a battle; and thanksgiving followed close upon victory. His humanity extended even to his enemies; and he felt delighted whenever he could mitigate the miseries of war by an act of mercy or benevolence. A French officer, on the point of marriage, having been taken prisoner and sent to England, the Duke obtained leave for him to return to his own country and bride elect. Exceedingly affable and easy of access, his soldiers looked up to him with confidence and affection. His memory was enshrined in their hearts, and the veteran who had served under him, cherished an attachment to all who bore his name or belonged to his family. A Chelsea pensioner, at an election for Windsor, in 1737, was threatened with the loss of his pension, if he did not vote for Lord Vere. His answer was, "I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I voted against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues."

During the siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley having advanced at the head of his regiment, the 33rd, into the Sultaunpettah-tope, was instantly attacked, in the darkness of the night, on every side, by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets; when the men gave way, were dispersed, and retreated in disorder, several were killed, and twelve grenadiers were taken prisoners. The report of this disaster ran through the camp like wildfire, and the mortification and distress of Colonel Wellesley himself, are described as having been excessive. On the following morning, General Harris ordered a detachment to be formed, consisting of the 94th regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, to make a second attack upon the tope. As the 94th regiment formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to the parade, where he found General Harris. On the arrival of the 94th all was in readiness for the march, but Colonel Wellesley did not make his appearance to take the command. The troops having waited more than an hour under arms for their leader, General Harris became impatient, and ordered General Baird himself to take the command of them. He instantly mounted his horse and called his aide-de-camp; but a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley induced him to pause, and, returning to General Harris, he said, "Don't you think, sir, it will be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last

night?" General Harris listened to the kind and considerate proposal, and shortly afterwards Colonel Wellesley appeared, took the command of the party, and, at its head, succeeded in getting possession of the tope.

During the Peninsular war, Sir Arthur Wellesley, intending to attack the French in the morning, went to the quarters of Cuesta to arrange the details of the attack; but the old man had gone to bed, and not to be disturbed. At three in the morning the British columns were under arms, but Cuesta was not to be spoken with till seven o'clock, and then refused to join in the attack, offering, among other reasons, his objection to fight upon a Sunday. Cuesta, however, was prevailed upon to agree to an attack for the following morning, and having proposed to the English general to make a *reconnaissance* of the French position, the old gentleman arrived in a cumbrous coach and six at the appointed place, to the surprise of Sir Arthur, and the amusement of his active staff.

At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon, on the square formed by the 5th and 77th regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, though not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead. A German hussar rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which he immediately sprang up, and with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic. He stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Canch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars finding they were baffled, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about half way between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were still hovering about, after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th regiments.

During the contest at Waterloo, the 52nd regiment having broken the Imperial Guard, and penetrated the French line, the infantry, before they threw down their arms, made an effort either at defence or escape; the artillery dashed at the opposite bank, but some of the horses of each gun were in an instant brought

down. A subaltern of the battery threw his sword on the ground, in token of surrender; but the commander, standing in the centre of his guns, waved his above his head in defiance. A soldier sprang from the British ranks, parried his thrust, closed with him, threw him on the ground, and, keeping him down with his foot, reversed his musket with both hands to bayonet him; when that repugnance to the shedding of blood which so often rises in the hearts of British soldiers, even under circumstances of personal danger and prudential necessity, burst forth in a groan of disgust from his surrounding comrades: it came, however, in this case too late; the fatal thrust was sped, and the Legion of Honour lost another member.

During the services of the 46th regiment in America, General Washington was initiated into masonry in their lodge. When war broke out between the States and the mother country, he became divided from the brothers of his adoption, in feeling—in communion of soul, he was their brother still. The masonic chest of the 46th, by the chance of war, fell into the hands of the Americans; they reported the circumstance to General Washington, who directed that a guard of honour, under the command of a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feeling of both officers and men may be imagined, when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent. The guard of honour, with their flutes playing a sacred march—the chest containing the constitution and implements of the craft borne aloft equally by Englishmen and Americans, who, lately engaged in the strife of war,—now marched through the enfiladed ranks of the gallant regiment that, with presented arms and colours, hailed this glorious act by cheers. When in Dominica, in 1805, the 46th was attacked by a French force, which it gallantly repelled; but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterward the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest with several complimentary presents.

W. G. C.

### Spirit of Discovery.

VOYAGE UP THE MASSAROONY.

(Concluded from page 258.)

WE are just enabled to conclude Mr. Hilhouse's entertaining Excursion with the present volume of our Miscellany. Adventitious subjects and circumstances have hitherto

prevented our completing this interesting Narrative so early as is customary with us in the division of articles. The reader, by referring to page 258, will perceive that we left Mr. Hilhouse and his party at Teboco, the thirty-fourth and last fall; being the extreme southern point of their whole excursion.

From their last camp, our voyagers had, at intervals, a glimpse of a table-mountain, due south, with a conical peak, at the north extremity, extremely like a volcano: it was equal in height to Arthur's Table, and they christened it Raleigh's Peak. They next proceeded to the settlement of Aramayka, where the cliffs of Maryhyacrew became visible; about 1,000 feet high, with perpendicular northern faces. A remarkable detached peaked rock, on the west, is called the Caribisee; and the legend says, it is a man of that nation turned into stone, for attempting to scale the cliffs.

At Aramayka, the party hooked a noble lowly fish, of nearly two hundred pounds weight. The river is here a mile wide, and about 250 miles from its confluence.

At the point of Teboco, the granite begins to be found in strata, at an angle of about five degrees above the horizon; its apex being nearly northward. It forms the base of all the cliffs, from 600 to 1,000 feet high, when quartz becomes the general superstructure to about 1,500 feet higher.

From a little above Aramayka, the chain of Merumeh is seen, bounding the horizon, and stretching northward; and near its southern extremity, in a clear day, a white curved line is seen, extending from the summit to the base of the chain; which is the Merumeh creek, forcing its way from the table-land above to the valley of the Massaroony below. From this point it is fully 50 miles distant; and, as it cannot be less than 1,200 feet high, Mr. Hilhouse had, at first, some difficulty in believing the Indians' assurances that it was truly a cataract, though a powerful glass gave it evidently the appearance of water.

Mr. Hilhouse was disappointed in procuring a guide up the creek; the few inhabitants who were there on his last excursion having since deserted it. Indeed, it is one of the greatest inconveniences of travelling in the Accaway country, that a populous village is totally deserted within a year, and the inhabitants a thousand miles off. To compensate for this, however, houses spring up as suddenly in the uninhabited solitudes; so that your guide, if he has recently been the route, can generally find provision stations.

In the next three and a half days' journey the views of the adjacent cliffs and mountains were beautiful; and a day's journey further it was necessary to lay in a week's bread. The river here is not more than 400 or 500 yards broad, and is full of sand, but



with very few rocks. The hefa, or musk-duck is frequently seen; and the population of the Indians increases considerably.

On the 10th of October, having been twenty-six days' journey from the port, the party bivouacked at the mouth of the Corobung creek; and were soon well supplied with fish and game. Next morning they started up the creek, which averages 100 yards in breadth; and after taking four of a flock of wild hogs, they reached the settlement of Pero, on the west bank; that evening. A day and a half from this brought them to the fall of Macrebah, where navigation ceases.

The scenery of this creek is described as totally dissimilar to those generally known as romantic and beautiful; and Mr. Hilhouse experienced an oppression of the senses from which he was glad to escape. The water of the creek, though perfectly transparent, is a deep chocolate colour; and the sands are reflected in it, of a bright claret, or purple. The creek winds considerably; and at every turn, a large and bold spit of white sand projects, in almost painful contrast with the surrounding water. There is uniformly no middle ground for the landscape; but, from the dark and still creek, with its uniform fringe of trees, starts up, as if by magic, a perpendicular cliff of 1,000 or 1,500 feet; which you know is distant, but which you feel as if in your most dangerous proximity; and, as you see all around you detached masses, you expect momentarily to find one of them blocking up the creek before you, or cutting off your retreat. Every two or three hours you come to an immense block of granite, to pass which you have a channel barely wide enough for your craft; then the channel widens to 150 yards, and you are in a claret-coloured lake, so shallow that you can scarcely swim. At the very last you enter a capacious basin, as black as ink, surrounded by a bold, extensive sand, as white as chalk; and you hear a fall of water before you, but perceive no current, though there is a foam like yeast on the surface, which remains the whole day without any visible alteration. At last, you perceive in the distance a broken white line, struggling through a cluster of granite rocks; and this is the fall of Macrebah. In the basin below was an appearance exactly similar to a snow-storm; whenever a gust of wind came down the fall, it raised before it the froth or foam in flakes, like snow. Mr. Hilhouse here saw several specimens of the cock of the rock, called by the Indians Cowanaaru, both skinned and alive; and he ascertained its habits to be entirely frugivorous.

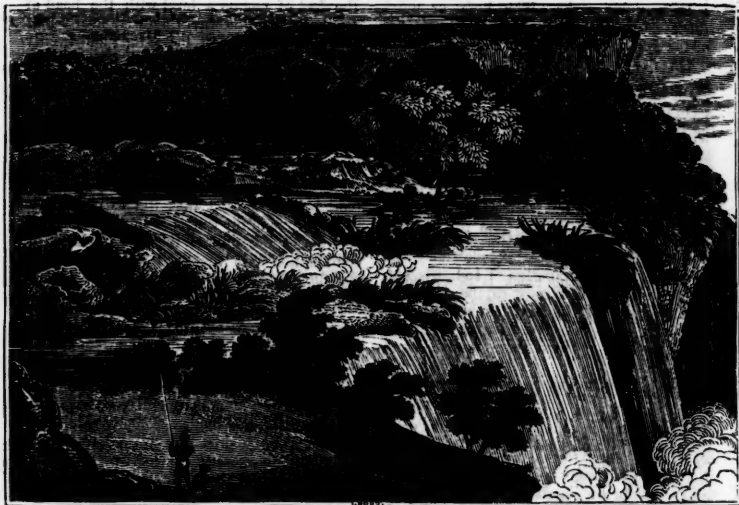
The party pitched their tents upon the sand, on the east side of the basin; and, in the morning, they measured the fall by placing Indians on the different ledges, with

the feet of one on a level with the head of another. In this way, they were nearly half an hour in scrambling to the top; and twenty Indians, or about one hundred feet, was the real height of what from below appeared to be no more than four or five feet.

In the middle of the fall of Macrebah, Mr. Hilhouse found a small spring of transparent and slightly effervescent water, without the least ferruginous tinge. This spring appeared to issue from the upper quartz formation; and proved that the extraordinary purple tinge of the waters is from the decomposition of the granite, the iron of which, in combination with the solution of astringent vegetable matter, gives the peculiar dark appearance of all these creeks.

Our voyagers next proceeded up the Seroon creek, which is a little below Macrebah, and having landed on the south bank, began to scramble up the hill for the upper fall. The greater part of the path was, for the first hour's journey, at an angle of 45°, with abrupt descents, and ladders of roots. Mr. Hilhouse's companion was exhausted, and gave up in an hour; but Mr. H. reached the top in about two hours. He found there the remains of an Indian shed, and could distinctly hear the fall: so he sent back to his companion, who joined him next morning to breakfast, after which, ten minutes' walk led them to the fall of Coomarow, pictured in the annexed Engraving.

They were now on table-land, being evidently the extreme height of the granitic horizontal formation. The creek itself was one hundred yards broad, but was so completely choked, from as far as the eye could reach, to the edge of the fall, with grass, that there appeared scarcely any water in it. This grass was, in appearance, like horse-tails, the roots being fixed to the bottom of the creek, the stem as thick as an arm, and dividing at top into a multiplicity of long threads, which completely covered the surface of the water. Through this green sieve, however, two feet of water percolated, and discharged itself into one uninterrupted sheet, one hundred yards broad, and, at least, double in perpendicular descent. By holding on the grass, the voyagers waded across the fall to the eastern side, where they had the best view of its distinguishing features, totally different from any thing they had before seen. From the side of the fall, the shoot seemed to have an inclination out of the perpendicular inwards, and finishing in a perpetual rainbow and mist, so as to obscure the bottom. At some distance below this, the creek appeared like a narrow, white thread, running between the rocks, which were of an Indian red colour. And such was the distance of the descent, that the voyagers could not, when at the top, hear the noise of the fall striking the bottom, though they



(Coomarow Fall.)

allow only 3 or 400 feet for the descent; and they give the fall at least double the descent of the breadth, or 600 feet.

From the bottom to the top of the fall, the temperature had decreased fifteen degrees, (85° to 70°) and the climate was, consequently, delightful. Here the party were compelled by want of time to relinquish their intended advance to the next fall of Asceaquaw, and to return to Macrebah.

They saw Coomarow when the creek was at its lowest, but the grass and watermark on the trees and on the banks were fully eight feet above the then level. In the rainy season, therefore, it must be inaccessible, as the whole of the table-land on which the voyagers stood, must be then flooded. In this state, the fall would be nearly 150 yards broad, and the body of the water discharged ten feet deep. According to the Indians, such a smoke then ascends from the bottom of the fall as obscures all the surrounding landscape; and the terrific roar can be heard at Pero, a day's journey distant.

At a bold turn, where the creek opens into a broad bay, the voyagers found the whole creek population of Indians, with forty or fifty craft, busy beating hai-arry, and they pulled into the middle of the party just at the moment the fish began to feel its effects. It was a most enlivening sight—men, women, and children, with bows and arrows, knives and landing nets, chasing in all directions the intoxicated fish, which nearly covered the surface of the water. Mr. Hilhouse

was soon left with one hand in the canoe, the rest taking the light massepahs of the Indians, and each pursuing his own share of the sport. Though Mr. Hilhouse's craft was rather unwieldy, he got, with a small landing net, 154 fish, of about four pounds average; and there were, at least, thirty other craft loaded to the brim. As soon as the fishing was over, the voyagers pulled as fast as possible to Pero, and began barbacotting their fish before they spoiled. Upwards of 2,000, of four pounds average weight, were taken: for two days and nights it was nothing but fire and smoke, curing the fish, of which they laid in as much as they could possibly consume for a fortnight; and this done, they bade adieu to their Coorobung friends, and proceeded on their return to the Massaroony.

On their passage down the creek, they were annoyed with the quantities of bread and yams brought from the different settlements for sale; but they took all, and thus, with a month's provision, they resolved to proceed up the river as far as the season would allow; and having spent ten days in the creek, left it on the morning of the 21st of October.

The voyagers, after two nights' heavy rain, began to suspect that the dry season was nearly over; and, upon questioning the Indians, they told them that, of course, "it was so, or the people would not otherwise have beat the hai-arry." In fact, it appears, that in the immediate vicinity of the mountains, the natives can calculate, to a certainty,



within a few days, the breaking up of the seasons; and as Mr. Hilhouse had, in March, a pretty good sample of the thunders of Merumeh, he advised his companion to return.

On inquiring amongst the Indians whether the mountains were inhabited, the uniform answer was—"No: where could the people get water?" It appears, therefore, that, except in the creeks that arise in the mountains, and where paths of communication across are found, there is no population. The natives, however, all agree that formerly the whole of this region was populated by the Caribsee, a powerful nation of Indians; but, that there ever was a great capital is impossible; for, except the Indians became graziers, they could not subsist together in sufficient numbers to form more than a small village.

It is curious to observe that the cause of the desolation of these regions has been the abolition to the Indian slave-trade. The Caribsee, deprived of their market on the coast, have retired to the interior, where they still find purchasers among the Brazilians; but, to make an equal profit of them will require double the number of slaves to those required for these colonies; for, it is notorious, that in the Rio Branco, at all times, Indian slaves can be purchased at one-third of the price given by the Dutch:—Mr. Hilhouse adds, "The suppression of this traffic here; therefore, without taking the requisite steps to put it effectually down every where, has desolated our interior, and driven from us our bravest and most faithful allies. And it has not diminished, but, on the contrary, greatly increased, the lot of human misery; for more slaves are now sold to the Portuguese than were to us, and they are worse treated, being mostly worked to death in the mines."

Mr. Hilhouse's excursion was not an adventure for gain, but one of pure philanthropy. He sought, not gold and emeralds, but spots whereon men, driven by circumstances from their native country, might find a shelter and a home. Mr. Hilhouse confesses, with regret, that he did not succeed. There is no tract in El Dorado like the site of the Missions of the Caroni: the mountains do not give much prospect of fertility; the country is only habitable by tribes of hunters, and, for the transmission of merchandise, is inaccessible.

The fall of Teboco appears to be the key of El Dorado: below this, the Indians are more or less sophisticated; but, at Coorobung there was not the least trace of civilization, except among the stragglers from the Missions, who were living fast to forget it. Mr. Hilhouse found, however, an Accaway, of Coorobung, with all his superstition and stupidity, infinitely superior to an Arawak

of the coast, with his pretensions to cultivation; and it was not till Mr. Hilhouse returned to the post, that he again entered the atmosphere of vice and crime, Indian misery and depravity.

The descent of the falls was accomplished with a rapidity of which few travellers have a conception: in less than one day, the voyagers got over the ascent of three—eighty or ninety miles being an easy day's journey. They chose the middle channels, where the current was most rapid, and the greatest body of water rushed through. It required four stout hands, two ahead and two astern, to give steerage-way whilst shooting many channels which were crooked: that of Itachuk is a zig-zag of four turns, and not a few accidents have occurred here to the small craft of the Indians. Mr. Hilhouse and his party, however, got through all danger, and on the 30th of October, arrived at the post.\*

\* We have abridged, and, in part, re-written, these details from Mr. Hilhouse's Journal, communicated by him to the Royal Geographical Society, (of which Mr. Hilhouse is an active Member,) and read at the Society's Meeting, on December 23, 1838: the above paper occupying fifteen pages of Part I. Vol. 4, of the Journal of the Society, last published.

### New Books.

FRANCESCA CARRARA.—BY MISS LONDON.

[RATHER than attempt to unravel the intricate story of Miss Landon's new historical novel, we shall note a few of its beauties, "by way of abstract," premising that such gems of graceful composition and elegant sentiment can scarcely be found in any other work of the season.]

*Twilight.*—Toil is the portion of day, as sleep is that of night; but if there be one hour of the twenty-four which has the life of day without its labour, and the rest of night without its slumber, it is the lovely and languid hour of twilight. The shadows have not yet deepened into darkness, as yet the boughs droop not, and the fragrant leaves of the flower are still unclosed. The magnificence of the noon which excites, the mystery of the midnight which awes, are distinct from the softness of evening. It is earth's brief breathing space, after the heat and hurry of her busier time; like that repose known only to the young and happy, when the nerves gradually compose themselves, the thoughts gather into some vague but delicious train, and the eyes are closed by languor before sleep.

*"Chase of Fame."*—Strange mystery of our nature, that those in whom genius develops itself in imagination, thus taking its most ethereal form, should yet be the most dependent on the opinions of others! Praise is their very existence; and those who have the wings of the dove, with which they might "flee away and be at rest," delight rather to

linger on the high road, forgetting that where the sun-shine falls, there too gathers the dust, and that the soil remains when the silver lustre has passed. Alas! thus ever does the weakness of our nature rebuke its strength, and genius is brought to the level—ay, below the level—of common humanity, by an unquenchable thirst for its applause.

*Destiny.*—We find how little we have to do with our destiny, and yet, forsooth, we seek to direct it.

*Hope.*—I do believe there is no existence so content as that whose present is engrossed by employment, and whose future is filled by some strong hope, the truth of which is never proved. Toil and illusion are the only secrets to make life tolerable.

*Love.*—There are some moments, the hues of which are like those on the wing of a butterfly—a touch brushes them away. There are words to paint the misery of love, but none to paint its happiness; that childish, glad, and confiding time to which youth gave its buoyancy, and hope its colours. Its language repeated, ever seems exaggerated or foolish; albeit there are none who have not thought such sounds “honey-sweet” in their time. The truth is, we never make for others the allowance we make for ourselves; and we should deny even our own words, could we hear them spoken by another.

*A Minute.*—The history of a minute—why it would give a bird’s-eye view of every possible variety in human existence. Wonderful the many events that are happening together—life and death; joy and sorrow; the great and the mean; the common and the rare; good and evil; are all in the record of that brief segment of time.

*Desolation.*—Nothing is more mournful than man’s work and man’s skill going to ruin for want of man’s care—and nothing is more desolate than the moss and the green weed choking the fountain, and half hiding the fallen column.

*Filial Duty.*—How holy the claim, when age asks from youth but a little time, and a little tendance to smooth the passage to the tomb.

*Civil War.*—I have seen our peaceful England, on whose shore warfare had become but a dark tradition, or a gallant hope to the young and adventurous spirits who sought for honour abroad—I have seen it become the field of deadly battle, where the father raised his hand against the son, and the son against the father. I have seen the beacon blazing instead of the Christmas hearth; and the ivy, which for more than a century had wreathed undisturbed round these old battlements, has been pretty well cut away by the musketry during the last siege.

It is terrible to be asked for quarter in your native tongue, and yet spare not. To know that the corn-field over which you hurry in

pursuit of a flying enemy has been sown by your near neighbour—to see the sky redden at midnight, and fear lest the crimson blaze arise from your own home—to watch the desolation of familiar things—to become acquainted with waste and want, and worse, with the crime and recklessness, their inevitable consequences—and then remember how brief a period has elapsed since such things seemed impossible in the land.

*Absence and Return.*—Perhaps there is no moment when beloved objects are so much beloved, as on the return from a long absence. When the thousand fears for their health, their safety, and their welfare, have all been proved to be vain; while the reaction from their depression is so exhilarating. When the many merits which fancy has added to their own, are all warm from the thought; all fresh, too, with the gloss of novelty, untarnished with recent differences, and unworn by daily use. How pleasant the hurry of their arrival, and the many preparations to receive them! In winter, the warmest seat by the fire; in summer, the coolest by the open lattice. Then the supper, where all former likings are so carefully remembered; the cheerful flutter of spirits, the disposition to talk, the still greater desire to listen, the flushed cheek, the eager yet glistening eye; and—for the future will ever intrude upon the mortal present—the delight of thinking, “we shall still be together to-morrow.”

*Confidence.*—It is wonderful how some words ever were invented, for they express what does not exist—*confidence* is among the number; confidence is what no human being ever really had in another.

*Two Brothers.*—We talk of the influence of education—in what does it consist? Here were two with the same blood flowing in their veins, born under the same roof, nursed by the same mother, play-mates in the same nursery, surrounded by the same scenes, pursuing the same studies, subject to the same rules, rewarded by the same indulgences—never till the age of eighteen having been parted for a day; and yet were these two as opposite as if they had never known one circumstance in common.

*Defeat.*—Who has not observed in the daily intercourse of domestic life, that the very subject we have been striving to avoid, or planning to disclose, is sure to defeat our best-laid scheme, and start up before us when least expected?

*The Future.*—The future! the dreaming, the deceiving future, which promises every thing, and performs nothing—what would the present be without it?

*Evergreens.*—I cannot love evergreens—they are the misanthropes of nature. To them the spring brings no promise, the autumn no decline; they are cut off from the sweetest of all ties with their kind—sym-

pathy. They have no hopes in common, but stand apart—very emblems for the fortunate and worldly man, whose harsh temper has been unsoftened by participating in general suffering, existing alone in his unshared and sullen prosperity. I will have no evergreens in my garden; when the inevitable winter comes, every beloved plant and favourite tree shall droop together—no solitary fir left to triumph over the companionship of decay.

*The New Forest, in June.*—Far in the distance lay the mighty forest, gloomy and solid, as if some dark mountain girdling in the valley. The sunshine went sweeping rapidly from the foreground to the utmost extent of the horizon; the shadow coiled up before it; gradually the breaks among the wood became distinct, the dense blackness vanished, and the green woods shone out in the transparent atmosphere. The furze now became broken with patches of grass, and with occasional trees, and clumps of firs, whose sombre and wiry foliage had nothing in common with the cheerful aspect of their companions. Far as the boundaries of the forest spread on either side, it yet lay just below the heath; a few more windings of the little path brought directly into one of its glades. The first indication was a change of the perfumed air; the furze-blossom was merged in the delicious breath of the may, now in full bloom—the most aromatic of English flowers. The extreme stillness, relieved rather than interrupted by the bees plying their sounding wings, existed no longer. Every branch was musical with birds, whose perpetual chirpings served as chorus to the rich and prolonged cadences of the black-bird; while the least stir not of their own making filled the air with fluttering pinions, which let in a shower of sunshine through the leaves. One characteristic of the New Forest is its freedom from underwood; hence the height of the stately trees is undiminished, and the sweep of the open place unbroken. Architecture, the first of sciences, took, in our northern world, its earlier lessons in the forest—the Gothic aisle and arch were found amid the beech and oak. The foliage was in the utmost variety of expanded spring; the leaves of the beech, though destined to a deeper shade, wore already their polished green; but the oak had yet put forth little more than those pale primrose-tinted buds, the faint promise of its future spreading shade. Here and there a shining holly reared its fairy "clump of spears," and round many a leafless trunk the slender English ivy twined its graceful wreaths in such profusion as to mimic the tree on whose life it had fed. But the beauty of the glades was the hawthorn, in full luxuriance. The slightest motion brought down a shower of white blossoms, and the sweet air grew yet sweeter as the brothers approached the more sequestered parts. The deer gazed on them for a moment

with their large, tremulous eyes, and then bounded off, gradually slackening their graceful speed when a tree or a growth of fern served as a barrier; while here and there a pair of antlers were tossed up, glancing like ivory in the sun.

*A Safe Condition.*—Mankind have, from all antiquity, been divided into two classes—the ruling and the ruled; why should we attempt to set all experience at defiance? I see no cause for reversing the good old plan, provided I can manage to be one of the rulers.

*Refinement.*—Refinement of feeling belongs equally to every station, but refinement of taste must be matter of education.

*Evil Knowledge.*—Frankness and confidence belong to youth; and where experience comes too soon, it brings but half knowledge. The conviction of much evil in the heart should be learned at a later period, when we shall be aware also of much good. The worldly wisdom of the young is always of a harsh and bitter nature, making no allowance, and forgiving nothing—ever ready to attribute the ill motive, and holding suspicion to be penetration.

*Grief.*—Every hour that she could, she passed in solitude, dreary, unoccupied, mournful solitude;—what wonder was it that the colour left a cheek so often washed with tears?

*Young Love.*—How little suffices to make earth a paradise in the young and eager eyes of early and unsuspicious love!

*Early Attachments.*—True it is that the innate buoyancy of the as yet unbroken spirit soon rebounds from the pressure of sorrow; nevertheless, it is in youth that sorrow is most keenly felt. Time, of which so little has been measured, seems so very long—we soon learn the worldly lesson, that friends are easily replaced, and still more easily forgotten. We become accustomed to change—we grow hardened to regret—and in after-years look back with surprise, nay, even disdain, at the poignant grief with which we first parted from our early companions. We never again form those open, eager, and confiding attachments.

*Happiness.*—The thing we call happiness exists not. Its desire is implanted in our hearts, its promise dazzles our eyes; but its reality is unknown. I remember hearing, that in the east the clear and azure waters seem to flow before the weary and parched traveller; yet a little further, and on he urges his weary way, but in vain—the fair stream is a delusion. Even thus happiness is the mirage which leads us over the desert of life, ever fated to end in deceit and disappointment.

*The Poet.*—In hand, heart, and mind, he was alike a poet. But, alas! those who are heirs of the future, destined to fill the earth with the immortal and the beautiful, what is their share in the present? the sad and the

weary path—the bowed-down and broken heart! Look at the golden list of the few who have left behind them the bright picture, the god-like statue, the inspired scroll, to whom we yet owe—ay and now pay our debt of gratitude—what was each life but a long and terrible sacrifice to futurity? But the young look to the goal, not to the road; and well it is for them so to do; they would never reach it but for such onward gaze.

**Love.**—Love teaches many lessons to a woman; but its last and worst must be when she learns to know that it is not eternal—that it can depart, and leave a scar never to be effaced, and a void never to be filled.

The lover and the friend ask very different foundations for their confidence. The one invests all things with the poetry with which himself is imbued; the other, of necessity, examines into their truth. Again—love cares not for distinctions; but friendship cannot exist without equality.

**Enthusiasm.**—Nothing at first frames such false estimates as an imaginative temperament. It finds the power of creation so easy, the path it fashions so actual, that no marvel for a time hope is its own security, and the fancied world appears the true copy of the real. How much of disappointment—what a bitter draining of the cup of mortification to the dregs—does it take, to sober down the ardour, and chain the winged thoughts of a mind so constituted!

**Isolation of a Crowd.**—The isolation of a crowd—that bitter blending of solitude and shame, when you fancy every one that passes casts on you an invidious or scornful glance, and yet are perfectly aware that they do not care—scarcely know—whether you are a human being like themselves! It is in vain to say this is over-sensitiveness; weakness though it be, it is very universal.

## The Public Journals.

### WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE.\*

"Why don't the men propose," indeed?  
I wonder why they do!  
When from a sober, single life,  
Such benefits accrue;  
I wonder most that women boast  
Their many score of beaux,  
Yet "sit and sigh," and sadly cry—  
"Why don't the men propose?"  
'Tis very well to greet each belle  
At revel or at rout;  
To see them flirt, with jewels girt  
Their fairy forms about.  
No quiet scene, to intervene,  
The youthful rev'ler knows;  
Yet will she sigh, and sadly cry—  
"Why don't the men propose?"  
Romance they read—reality  
Is studied but by few;  
Each lady scribbles poetry,  
And thinks herself "a blue."

Fancy a curtain-lecture read  
In poetry and prose!  
How can they sigh and sadly cry—  
"Why don't the men propose!"

Silks, satins, millinery new,  
And bills (of course) abound;  
Such proofs of their extravagance  
All staidier thoughts confound.  
Balls, music-master, all that brings  
One's fortune to a close,  
Cry out against that silly cry—  
"Why don't the men propose!"

If, spite of all, some "simple swain"  
Would play the *constant beau*,  
In vain he tries; *la belle* replies,  
In angry accents, "No."  
The fault is not with us, I'm sure,  
(That every body knows;)  
Yet still they ply the idle cry—  
"Why don't the men propose?"

"Why don't the men propose?" 'tis vain  
To think of such a thing;  
*Who*, to abate a hapless fate,  
More miseries would bring?  
Think of "a family," and all  
That mars man's daily dose!  
'Tis certain *why* the ladies cry—  
"Why don't the men propose?" J. E. C.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### THE FEAST OF NERO.

(From the *Preach of Victor Hugo*.)

FRIENDS, dulness is our foe, the foe of all.  
Come, ye are hidden to his festival.  
By Nero, Caesar, and the Consul, thrice:  
Nero, earth's emperor and music's lord,  
Who to the speaking chord,  
With art Ionian blends his silver voice.  
How gladly hither at my word ye pour!  
Never were pleasures mingled thus before;  
Not by Aagenan in the days of old;  
Nor in those feasts of love and joy combined,  
Where Seneca relaxed his cynic mind,  
And quaffed his wine from gold.  
Nor when embarked on Tiber's glassy tide,  
We lay, with smiling Aglae by our side,  
'Neath Asian canopies and glowing bowers;  
Nor when the Prefect to the lions flung  
A thousand captives young,  
Whose iron chains were hid with wreathing flowers.

Come! Rome shall burn before ye—ay, all Rome!  
My couch is set upon this lofty dome;  
Lo! see the flames, and watch their kindling ire!  
What are the fights of men and tigers now?  
Our Circus is the hills, where Rome must bow  
Before devouring fire!

'Tis thus Earth's Emperor should charm away  
The cold, dull blight, which makes his heart its prey,  
And scatter lightning, even as a god!  
But come—night falls, and now begins our wake—  
The burning, like a hideous snake,  
Already lifts its wing, and darts its tongues abroad.  
There! see ye there! how fast it rolls along  
Its writhing volumes on its victim strong,  
And seems to kiss the walls with blasting breath?  
See! its embraces shroud the palaces—  
Ah! I have felt embraces like to these,  
And kisses fraught with death.

Hark to those sounds—look on that sombre spire—  
Those figures wandering, ghost-like, through the fire,  
Until the silence is as dead as ever!  
Pillars of iron, gates with golden beams,  
Are melted into streams,  
And carry glowing flames into the hissing river.  
All periah! jasper, marble, statues—all,  
Despite their boasted holiness, must fall.  
My will the flames are eager to perform:

\* Intended as an answer to "Why don't the men propose?" by T. H. Bayly. See page 397.

They gather onwards still, and still invade;  
And see the winds themselves have sent their aid,  
Making a fiery storm.

Old Capitol, adieu! Amidst the swell,  
Yon aqueduct stands like the bridge of hell:—  
'Tis Nero's will—the towers, the domes shall down!  
O'er universal Rome the glare is seen—  
Give thanks, thou boasted Queen!

To him who binds thy brows with such a glorious crown.

They told me, boy, that in the Sibyl's lay,  
'Tis writ that Rome should never know decay;  
That Time should sicken at her feet, and die;  
That her immortal star should never wane—  
Tell me, my friends, how many hours remain  
Of that eternity?

By night how glorious such a burning is!  
Erostratus himself had envied this.

What is a nation's sorrow to my will?—  
It flies!—the element is round it now!  
Pluck off the chaplet from my brow—

The fire which levels Rome the flowers may kill!  
If blood should dim your robes of festal shine,  
Friends, wash the stain away with Cretan wine—  
The sight of blood is sweet but to the wrong.  
Keep we such cruel pastime from our eyes!  
Curst be the man who loves his victim's cries!  
We stifle them with song.

To punish Rome, I fill this bitter cup:—  
Hath she not offered faithless incense up,  
By turns to Jove and Christ upon her knees?  
My name shall rise with honours as divine—  
I too shall have my shrine,

Since men have need of other detties

Rome have I burned—I'll build her to the skies—  
But never more the rebel Cross shall rise.

More Christians!—strike, stab, slaughter all ye meet!

Thus Rome shall smite the authors of her woes!  
Exterminate them all!—Slave! bring a rose:  
Its perfume is most sweet. W. E. A.

*Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.*

#### LONG LIFE.

It may be doubted whether the life of man ever reached to 120. The best authenticated case of this age appears to be that of J. Jacobs, who had been a peasant on the estate of the Prince de Beaumont, and who travelled, at that age, from the Jura mountains to Versailles, to thank the National Assembly for having relieved him from the feudal yoke—"Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit." He was received by all the members standing and uncovered, was allowed a chair, and to sit with his hat on. A collection was made for him amongst the members, which amounted to 500*l.* sterling. He was buried on Saturday, Jan. 31, 1790, in the church of St. Eustace, in Paris. The next best authenticated case is that of Mr. Ingleby, ninety-five years a domestic in the Webster family, who died in 1798, aged 117.

According to all statements, it would appear that all climates are favourable to longevity. We find these miraculous ages in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and burning Ethiopia and India; in the severe climates of Norway, Russia, Scotland, and the north of England; in the temperate climes of Madeira and France; in the driest isle of Madeira, in the eve-misty isles of Scotland,—in the well-

drained lands of England, and in the bogs of Ireland,—in inland counties,—on the seashore,—on the mountain-top,—on the plain,—and in the filthy lanes and alleys of London. No theory of locality, air, regimen, or diet can tally with these stories of longevity; for we find long life amongst the poor and rich, the luxurious, the temperate, the abstemious, the active, and the indolent,—the white, the black, the savage, and the civilized. The only two facts that appear to answer to all cases are, that longevity is promoted by cleanliness and almost an abstinence from alcohol. The last of these is unquestionable; but even against the other, it must be observed, that longevity is found amongst the poor of sordid habitations and filthy employments; and that it is said to have existed most amongst our ancestors, whose domestic habits were exceedingly filthy, and it now exists most in Scotland, and those parts of England where the cleanly habits of the south prevail the least. The Russians and the Irish are proverbially the least cleanly people of Europe, and yet they have their full share of statistical longevity. In Dublin Lying-in Hospital, in four years ending 1784, 2,944 infants had died out of 7,660 births. The hospital had been in a state of filth beyond credibility. A system of cleanliness and ventilation was introduced, and the number of deaths in the four following years was only 1,116. A similar reduction of deaths, a few years ago, was produced in the barracks of Barbadoes, by a system of cleanliness.

In England, most of the longevity now proved, of that which was formerly asserted—of longevity ancient and modern—has been found to the north of the Humber, and to the west of the Severn. It seems to have always run in a line from the south of the Tees, in a south-west direction, towards Herefordshire. There are very few cases of extreme longevity attributed to the midland, southern, and eastern counties. There is one case, that of John Balls, who died in Northamptonshire, on the 5th of April, 1705, (if it be true) aged 126; a case of John Wilson, of Warkworth, Suffolk, who lived to 116; and we have just seen the case of Ingleby, who died at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, in 1798, at the age of 117.

We may form some idea of the want of data and of authenticated facts that has hitherto prevailed on this subject of life and population, from the extraordinary circumstances that even Dr. Price committed the monstrous absurdity of calculating that the population of all England and Wales had decreased by one-fourth since the revolution of 1688.

It seems remarkable that fewer cases of excessive longevity, real or fictitious, are to be found in those counties in which the average of human life is the greatest. Shropshire and Yorkshire (even if allowance be made for

the greater extent of the latter) claim the greatest number of excessively long lives; and yet the average duration of existence in these counties is less than that of Cardigan, Cornwall, and Gloucestershire, in two of which the population is entirely agricultural, whilst in one (Cornwall) it is maritime and mining; and in Yorkshire, a great portion of it is not only manufacturing, but employed in manufactures very destructive to life. The average of existence in Lancashire is low, from its population being manufacturing, and yet a number of the highest cases of longevity are to be found in that county.

A theory prevails that long life runs in families, and yet Sir John Sinclair found that, amongst 508 persons who had passed the age of eighty, only 303 could make it appear that they had even one parent, male or female, who had been as old as themselves. All data upon the subject are involved in confusion; and it must be still more confused: for although we have better means than formerly for arriving at statistical facts and details, individual habits become more diversified as commerce increases, as the powers of intermixture and change of locality are multiplied; and as knowledge, mixed with error, and diversified to infinity, is diffused amongst all classes, both of rich and poor, individual diversities become beyond all calculation, and defy all powers of classifying and generalizing. Alcohol slays its thousands and tens of thousands amongst the poor, and quackery, with ill-directed passions, performs the same service for the rich—quackery, not only advertised and wholesale, but individual and secret. A short digressive anecdote, which I had from a friend, may be both illustrative and amusing.

Sitting in the parlour of an eminent administrator of very useful medicated baths, in Marlborough-street, a gentleman entered the room full of sturdy health, and overflowing with fine animal spirits.

"Sir," said he, "I suppose you are going to take a medicated bath?"

"No, sir, I am waiting for a friend who is taking one; thank God, I have perfect health."

"Sir, I take one every day, well or ill, and generally two a-day."

"I have never taken five shillings' worth of medicine in my life."

"Oh! sir, I see you are a most temperate liver."

"No, sir, I am ashamed to say, that from eighteen to the present hour I have been the reverse. Of all men living, my poor father was the most regular and temperate, and his afflictions were many, severe, and fatal."

"Ay, ay; I see how it is. When Judge ——— found any witnesses of extreme old age, he questioned them as to their habits, and made memoranda of their answers. He

discovered that the temperate and intemperate were about equal, but he found that *all* healthy persons and long-livers were early risers. You, sir, must be a very, very early riser—a very early riser indeed?"

"Quite the reverse, sir, my parliamentary duties are such, that, in London, my average hour of going to bed is three in the morning, and my hour of rising twelve."

After this, it was clear that not a word I said, or had said, was believed. The theorist imagined that the consistency of health with irregularity and late hours was so impossible, that the assertion was a most impudent imposition.

"Sir," cried he, in a tone of offended consequence, "only try the experiment. Go to bed and get up early, and when you rise, you will find yourself able to grasp your handful of halfpence, at arm's length, as firmly as a giant; get up next day an hour later, and you will grasp them feebly; get up the next day two hours later, and you will find you cannot grasp them at all—no, sir, not at all."

"Bless you, sir, get up any hour I may, I can grasp, as firmly as a vice, more sovereigns than I shall ever possess."

"Sir," said this victim of quackery, evidently disbelieving every word I said, "I was going down Regent-street, yesterday, when I felt in my head I don't know how—it was a certain sort of I don't know what—an indescribable something—a ah—a ah—I can't exactly explain myself, but you must know very well what I mean; so I went into a doctor's shop, and I said, give me three grains of calamel, seven of jalap, four of rhubarb, with—and—and—all of which I find agree with my constitution; and so, sir, I took the dose, and went home, and I said to my wife, 'Now, my dear, I will take no food to-day—I am determined to give nature fair play.'"

"Zounds, sir," said I, breaking out into a feigned fit of impatience, and almost of indignation, "is that what you call fair play?—you turn your stomach into a doctor's shop—you swamp, overwhelm poor nature—Burke her, till she is nearly extinct, and this you call giving nature fair play!—a plague on such fair play!"

Here the bath was announced, and the sturdy, non-ailing gentleman went to take his cure for his non-ailments!

But returning to the subject of longevity, it is to be observed that certain classes of men live to a great age, such as painters (painters and glaziers are the reverse): Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guercini, Guido, Maratti, lived to a good old age. The musicians have lived long; and, notwithstanding all that is said against sedentary employments, we shall find that men who live by the brain, who are educated, and, consequently, whose nervous systems are more called into exertion than the muscular, ex-



ceed in longevity the labouring classes, even when they are well fed, and not over worked.

Dr. Cheyne commences his Essay on Health by saying that he who lives medically lives miserably. By excess of gluttony and drinking he had brought himself to a prodigious size, and suffered under all the worst effects of excessive plethora; he reduced his diet to eight ounces of flesh and twelve of bread, with one pint of wine per diem, and he got rid of his enormous bulk, and of all his complaints, and lived to the age of seventy-two. This quantity of food he considered the maximum requisite for a hard-working man.

The sources of longevity, and, what is of more consequence, of health whilst we live, have always been classed under six heads:—parentage, air, diet, exercise, sleep, and government of the passions. In going deeply and extensively into the subject, the exceptions to all these elements of long life are found almost as numerous as the examples; and the only infallible, uniform, and universal inference that can be drawn is, that, *ceteris paribus*, men live longest, and enjoy the best health, who most abstain from wine, spirits, or alcohol under any shape.—*New Monthly Mag.*

### Antiquariana.

#### SURGERY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In a treatise written by Guido de Caulico, and published in 1363, the state of surgery is described by the following quaint statement:—"There are five sects of surgeons; the first follow Roger and Rowland, and apply poultices to all wounds and abscesses; the second follow Brumis and Theodoric, and use wine only; the third follow Paliceto and Langfrance, and treat wounds with ointments and soft plasters; the fourth are chiefly Germans, who attend to the armies, and promiscuously use *charms*, potions, oil, and wood; and the fifth are old women and ignorant people, who in all cases have recourse to the saints."

#### ALCHYMY.

In the year 1449, Henry the Fourth granted a protection to Robert Belton, "for transubstantiating imperfect metals into pure gold and silver, by the art or science of philosophy." In 1468, one Richard Carter received a similar patent.

#### PINS.

When that neat and useful article, the pin, first appeared, it was thought of so much importance, that a parliamentary law was made to regulate its shape. According to statute 37 Henry VIII., all pins are prohibited from being sold, unless they "be double-headed, and the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinne, well smoothed, the

shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, cauted, and sharpened." This long process was abandoned soon after, as their use became universal, and superseded the employment of laces, ribbons, and tags.

#### JURIES.

DURING the reign of Henry the Eighth, it was common for attorneys to charge in their bills money expended for purchasing "the sheriff's good-will in packing juries." This fact will not startle the reader, when he recollects the gross corruption of every institution which obtained during that changeful reign. The juries of London were formerly peculiarly abandoned, and in 1468 several were disgraced for their perjuries. Wolsey accused them of being capable of finding "Abel guilty of the murder of Cain;" and his strong language was justified by their conduct.

#### BREWERS.

In 1480, the London brewers were incorporated. And in 1460, one John Devenyshe and others were appointed supervisors, and had, as a fee, one halfpenny each barrel. As they do not appear to have had any further sum for their services, we may infer that a large quantity of malt liquor was consumed.

#### ATTORNEYS.

An act of parliament was passed in 1554, which enacts, "that there used to be six or eight attorneys only for Suffolk, Norfolk, and Norwich together; that this number has increased to more than eighty, most part of whom, having not sufficient knowledge, come to fairs, &c., inciting the people to small trespasses, that they may get employment: wherefore, there shall be hereafter but six for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich."

#### ASTROLOGERS MISTAKEN.

In 1532, the astrologers prophesied that there would be "incessant raines and fearful floodes;" which had such an effect on the Abbot of St. Bartholomew and others, that they erected houses on various hills to escape this second deluge. However, no flood came; and, to soothe the people, they declared they had been mistaken in their calculations by one hundred years.

*Mechanics' Institution.*

E. J. H.

### The Gatherrr.

*Weathercocks.*—By a papal order made about the middle of the ninth century, it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set up on church steeples; in order to put the people in mind of Peter's denial of our Saviour, and his unfeigned repentance. This is said to be the origin of our weathercocks.

*Origin of Tapestry in the House of Lords.*

—The Dutch painter, Cornelius Vroom, having painted a number of devout subjects, set out for Spain, where he proposed to sell them; but was cast away on a small island near the coast of Portugal. Vroom, and some of the crew, were relieved by monks, who lived among the rocks, and conducted them to Lisbon; where, relating the dangers he had escaped, a paltry painter engaged Vroom to paint the storm he had described. In this picture he succeeded so happily that it was sold for a good price. The Portuguese painter was charmed, and continued to employ Vroom, who improved so much in sea-pieces, that having got money and returned home, he applied himself entirely to that class of painting. Vroom was afterwards employed to draw the designs for a suite of tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is this tapestry which adorned the House of Lords until the recent Fire. The tapestry itself, was the work of Francis Spiering.—A. H.

*A singular library exists at Warsenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, being made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together, the whole forms a box; and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.*

*Marriage Presents.*—When a Javanese lady marries, she throws all her dolls, childish trinkets, &c. into the fire, to evince her determination of becoming a woman. The company then congratulate her on her marriage, and make her valuable presents to recompense her for those she has destroyed.

*Dryness of the Atmosphere.*—All over the south-east of Persia, to within a few miles of the Persian Gulf, the air is so dry that the brightest steel may be laid bare to the atmosphere at all hours, without incurring the slightest loss of its brilliancy. To find a rose with a spark of dew on it, from March to December, would be regarded as a miracle.

*Ancient Apparitions.*—In order to account for the mention of the appearance of departed persons by the ancients, it has been asserted, that every time they dreamed of seeing, and speaking to, deceased friends, they believed they had enjoyed communication with their ghosts. Now, ingenious as is this hypothesis, if it were so, ordinary experience shows us, that the ancients must, most nights in the year, have been thus visited by the departed; and the occurrence would have been,

as it is with ourselves, (for who does not constantly dream of the dead?) of too universal and ordinary a nature, to be considered of importance and mentioned. Besides, do the writings of the ancients prove them to have been less capable of distinguishing than ourselves, between sleeping dreams and waking spectra? We think not; and deferentially submit, that whether the apparitions on record of old, were caused by physical derangements, the jugglery of pagan priests, or were really superhuman, (assuming that such revelations can be,) the writers who mention them, are far more likely to style the visit of an apparition, a dream, than to assert that a dream is the actual appearance on earth, of the spirit of a departed individual.

We like to have mysteries explained, but plead guilty to a sad habit of revolving explanations in our mind, until we can decide whether they are truths or sophisms.—M. L. B.

*Spanish Law.*—In Spain, (says a recent writer,) before any bargainer, attorney, or notary, is admitted to practice, he is obliged to swear that he will defend the poor gratis. That this gratuitous labour may be the more equally divided, thirty are every year appointed from each class to defend the poor in civil cases, and every one is accounted poor who can swear himself worth less than 4,000 reals (40*l.*) In criminal cases, the accused is entitled to make choice of any barrister in Madrid to defend him. W. G. C.

*American Servants.*—A lady recently went to New York, taking her own maid, a well-behaved Englishwoman with her, and they resided in a hotel or lodging-house. One day, when the abigail was at dinner with some of the "helps" of native families, also resident in the house, she suddenly rose, and was quitting the table, when one of them said—"What's the matter? and where are you going?" "My mistress' bell rang," said she. "What do you mean by that? and who do you call mistress?" "Why, Mrs —, who is living in this house, and whom I serve for wages." "Pho! nonsense!" was the answer; "sit down, girl, and eat your dinner, do; we know nothing about mistresses or masters either, in America; and as for our people's bells, they may just ring 'em off the wire, before we go, till it is convenient." J. B.

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